

Today I woke up like any other normal day although I had a sore throat. So like usual when I have a sore throat I drink a large glass of water and use the restroom right before I get ready for school. I rode the bus to school and on the way there my sore throat was bothering me and suddenly my bus dissolved into a busy sidewalk with me sitting on a bench. I looked around to see if I had all my things, backpack, phone, and wallet, All there but the bus was gone. Immediately I thought where am I, the man sitting next to me looked like he was from a '70s movie so I asked "Do you know what year it is?" He responded in Spanish 'el primero de octubre 1968' And the second he said that the first thing that came to my mind was the Tlatelolco massacre. I began to think maybe the reason I was in 1968 was to stop all of those student deaths, I had reported on this tragedy in school a couple of days ago. the estimated deaths were 300-400 this happened just 10 days before the opening ceremony of the Summer Olympics in Mexico. I said "Gracias señor" and started walking down the street to look for a place to buy a car. On my way There I realized that I only had one day before the massacre would happen so I would also have to buy a first-aid kit. When I turned the corner in front of the dealership I saw a beautiful red Mustang just like the one my dad had when he was younger. I walked into the car dealership to see three people inside. I walked up to the front desk and asked in Spanish to the lady working there "Cuál es tu coche más barato?" And she replied "Nuestro carro más barato es un VW beetle". I immediately said in my head HELL NO and told her "Puedo comprar el Mustang rojo que está enfrente?" I gave the lady at the dealership 3,000 pesos in cash and she handed me the car keys. I also asked her "Dónde está la armería más cercana?" She looked at me and said with

the most serious face “Cuanto dinero tienes y que armas queries?” I thought this lady was only selling cars. Still, it turns out that she was also selling guns as a side hustle. I said “Puedo conseguir solo uns pistola?” she replied “Dame 100 pesos y estara en la guantera de tu auto nuevo”. So I handed her the 100 pesos and walked to the Mustang outside the dealership. I got inside the car and started the vehicle, thankfully it had a full tank of gas. While I drove to the site where the massacre occurred I thought to myself how crazy it was for the car dealership lady to have a side job where she sells firearms then I remembered Oh yes I'm in Mexico. I felt so bad for not being able to tell any of these people about the tragedy that would unfold tomorrow. As I slowed down on the red light in front of me I looked for parking as the place I was going to was nearing. I told myself “I need to look for a place to sleep or I will have to sleep in my new car”. Thankfully there was a motel just down the street from where the main event happened. I parked My Mustang in the motel parking beside the receptionist's office and walked inside. There was only one other person in there, an older gentleman who looked half asleep watching a soccer game on an old box TV. Inside the office, were 3 flimsy-looking chairs, a dead eucalypt plant, and a torn couch. So I walked up to him and asked “ ¿Oye Puedo conseguir una habitación con una cama, por favor? He responded with a raspy tired voice “Cuantas noches vas a quedarte?” I said “ solo una noche,cuanto va ser” He replied “150 pesos”. I handed him 150 pesos and he handed me the keys on my way out he said from the office “El servicio de habitaciones es a las 8:00” I responded from the hallway “Gracias!” I continued on my way to my room which was number 215 and on my way there I could see the sunsetting which was a beautiful sight I instinctively reached for my iPhone to take a photo but remembered I don't have it because in 1968. I opened the door to my room dropped my backpack made my way to the restroom took a

shower, and when I finished I changed ate a sandwich I had previously packed for lunch, and went to sleep. I awoke to the sound of rosters yelling at 5:30 exaclty, a time i usually wake up at. I grabbed my car keys and looked the door before i headed outside on my way to the office to check out of my hotel i could already hear the protest wich surprised me. I had assumed the protest would have started later but nonetheless i checked out and headed for my Mustang. I stepped intp my vehicle put my back pack in the passenger seat and reached for my glove compartment And pulled out my gun wich happend to be a M1911 with to full magazines and a box of ammunition. I started the car put the gun in my waistline and headed to where the protest and yelling was originating from. As i made my way there the amount of student became larger and larger the more i drove. Eventualy the amount of people became to big to even drive my car so i hopped out and began walking with the group. Then all of a sudden A loud bang silenced the crowd and people began to disperse. I immeadiatly began to fun to cover but i felt a sharp pain in my stomach. I could hear lots of gunshots and yellingso when i sat down i checked my stomach only to see my stomach bleeding. I started seeing blood and getting dizzy and before i knew it everyting was dark. I had died